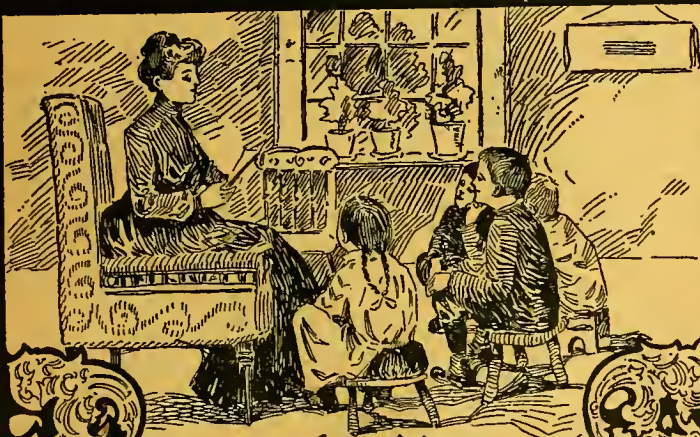


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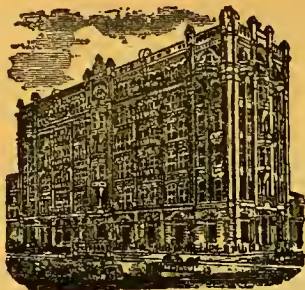
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VOL. XXXIX.

SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH, JULY 15, 1904.

No. 14.

ALLON, THE STOWAWAY.

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 395.)

CHAPTER V.

A SHORT walk brought him to the Beer residence, and in response to a rap upon the door the Shanghai's wife shortly confronted him with an invitation to "walk right in."

That the poor woman was suffering from the effects of her late orgie was evident from the sickly pallor that rested upon her countenance, as well as the tell-tale wet bandage that encircled her head, and which occasionally she would press to her forehead as if to receive more effectually the relief that came from the coldness thereof.

She did not give the boy time to explain the object of his visit before she began to denounce her husband in the strongest terms possible.

"It is but a short time ago," said she, "that his father came down from Manchester to spend a few days with us, and even he could not escape having his pockets picked by his unnatural son. And now," continued she, "the wretch has tried his hand upon my cousin, the aged sailor, and robbed him of forty pounds,

all gold, for which he is now likely to get a few years' imprisonment. I have had it in mind for some time to leave him," further said she, "and now am determined to sell out and return to my native place, Limerick, where my folks reside."

"Mrs. Beer," interrupted Allon, "what were your reasons for attacking me with that knife last evening, when I was trying to shield you from the brutal assaults of Captain Beer?"

The woman answered, that she must have been crazy drunk; as she did not remember much about it; "but anyhow," advised she, "you should never interfere between man and wife."

"I can assure you that in the future I shall avoid all possible contact with drunkards," rather innocently but almost too bluntly answered Allon.

"I was just thinking of asking you to remain, and earn a few shillings by helping me to dispose of the house furniture; but as you are so saucy, I don't want to have anything to do with you," stiffly spoke the woman.

"Then I bid you good night," curtly said the boy, as the next moment he left the house and started off in the direction

of a restaurant, where he hoped to refresh the inner man, preparatory to carrying out the unpleasant program that he had set out for himself that night.

CHAPTER VI.

The clock upon the tower of St. Andrew's church had just announced the midnight hour when Allon, mixing himself in with a crowd of belated sailors, passed through one of the dockyard gates and at once commenced a silent march in the direction of the dock where the *Antartic* was sheltered.

He found the vessel moored some yards distance out in the water, which fact necessitated the use of a gangway which extended from the quay to the ship, while fore and aft of the craft two large hawsers held her in tow.

A flickering light from a lantern that was attached to the rigging dimly illumined the near surroundings; a night-watchman with an ever vigilant eye directed toward the gangway, paced the deck, and Allon realized that it would require a stealthy movement on his part to board the vessel without detection.

There was no time however for deliberation; the situation required bold and immediate action; and accordingly, securing a good grip on the hawser next him, which luckily led out to a "stauchion" upon the forecastle deck, he worked his way rat-like along the rope until he reached the deck in safety. For a moment the watchman paused to direct his attention toward the fore part of the vessel, from where a slight sound had reached his ears, but as the water will sometimes produce similar suspicious noises aboard ship, he paid no more attention to it. Keeping his eyes focussed upon the man, and only daring to move when his back was toward him, the boy crept upon his hands and knees until reaching the first

opening, which happened to be the port doorway of the forecastle, he quickly stretched himself under one of the lower bunks, which well concealed him.

He was quite content to occupy the uncomfortable position until break of day, when he hoped to find a better hiding place—some nook or other where he could safely conceal himself for three or four days, or until the ship had passed the Irish coast and was well out in the Atlantic.

Realizing that there would not be much chance for slumber after the crew had taken possession of the forecastle, he went to sleep, and upon awakening three hours later found that daylight had already dawned sufficiently to enable him to seek a fresh hiding place. He soon discovered three "lockers" or cupboards in the walls of the forecastle, used for storing old pieces of chain, bolts, and other scrap that might be serviceable in case of an emergency; and upon a closer inspection found them to be very narrow and extending lengthwise for some eight or ten feet.

The one on the port side was fully ten feet long, and a person with a head thrust in the opening would so darken the place as to exclude from sight anything that might be in the further end of the aperture.

Into this Allon crept, and shuffling his way, feet first, to the far end, began to arrange the various bits of iron and rope he found therein in such shape as to completely shield his head in case any prying should be indulged in by the crew.

It was with the greatest difficulty that he could work his hands from his pocket to his mouth to munch a cake that he had with him, and he hardly dare question himself how he would manage to obtain food, sleep and exercise during his several days' concealment, or until he could

safely make his debut as a successful stowaway upon the high seas.

It was about two hours later when the first batch of sailors came aboard, and once in the forecastle, they rid themselves of their baggage, made choice of their bunks, and then arranged their effects according to their tastes. This done, they commenced to pass the whiskey flasks around, after which a little fight ensued, which was shortly stopped by the arrival of the balance of the crew.

That all "hands" were shortly aboard Allon surmised by the bustle that prevailed on deck; and the fact that the captain was ordered to get his "blooming" ship out of dock and make way for an incoming vessel, but served to confirm his judgment.

Three-quarters of an hour or so, and the *Antartic* lay out in the river awaiting high tide, so that she could cross the bar, shake out her sails to the breeze, and make for deep water as soon as possible.

"Search for stowaways," bawled the captain to the boatswain, an Englishman, the hair of whose head stood erect like so many porcupine quills; his countenance fierce-looking, and his voice thunderous enough to scare any ordinary mortal into tame submission. While two of the crew were detailed to search the forecastle, others were carrying on a systematic hunt in every nook and crevice of the vessel; and, astonishing to state, no less than thirteen would-be stowaways were shortly brought to light, bundled into a nearby tug, and taken ashore to bemoan their ill luck.

The forecastle also underwent a close search; one of the men, who answered to the name of Yank, not content with thrusting his head in the locker where Allon lay, used a light crowbar to ascertain whether flesh and blood existed there. After repeated jabs with the bar, which

brought forth nothing but the sharp clank of chains, he with his mate withdrew and reported that the forecastle was not elegantly enough furnished for stowaways.

It was not long afterward when the ship struck the Irish channel, and for twenty-four hours or more Allon kept himself well concealed, although he suffered somewhat with hunger, and more especially with thirst. At length he began to feel weak and dizzy, and was fearful he might be seasick and thereby probably betray his presence; but eventually his weakness passed off and he became himself again.

His was a determined spirit, and his stubborn nature forbade his making a failure of his adventure.

It was toward evening of the second day out, most of the crew at the time being busy on deck, that one man—none other than the veritable Yank—found it imperative to enter the forecastle and partake of something to eat. From his darkened recess Allon watched the movements of the man very closely; saw him thickly butter two bisuits, to which he added a large chunk of meat, after which he drew his thumb along the edge of his knife-blade, and a moment later was at the grindstone giving the blade a whet so that he might the more easily carve his lunch. But a few moments more and Allon was out of his lair, and snapping up one of the biscuits and the meat with it, was back again while Yank was still grinding his blade for the meat that was *non est*.

In a few moments the sailor, now in a whistling mood, re-entered the forecastle, and upon missing the best and greater part of his lunch, stood for a moment as if rooted to the spot, his eyes meantime set in a deep stare upon the solitary biscuit.

The grindstone being barely outside

the doorway, he knew positively that no one could have entered without being seen by him, and it was but natural that he should look under the seat upon which he had left the meat, and eventually all over the floor for the tempting but missing food.

It was while trying to solve what to him was a mystery, that big Joe, a Dutchman, entered and asked him to name the object of his search.

"I have heard more than once," replied Yank, "that the old *Antartic* swarmed with rats, and what big wallopers they were; but I never dreamed they would walk away with a pound of meat, and take a biscuit with it, too."

"It's no rat that has taken it," spoke up big Joe, "I would sooner say it was Osoff, the Russian, as he took a piece of cake that I laid down for a moment yesterday; and when I snubbed him about it, he said he had eaten so much black bread lately, that a cake like that of mine was too tempting to be let alone."

"Osoff may have taken your cake, but he never took the biscuit and meat that I left right there," answered Yank, pointing to the seat.

"Then it must have been the rats," said big Joe.

"It's a problem to me," finally answered Yank.

After this little episode, Allon became more wary, never daring again to leave his lair in the daytime, but would during the night, when the crew slept, visit the biscuit box and the drinking pail, and noiselessly get back to his place again.

It was during early morn of the fifth day out that Allon overheard from some of the men that Cape Clear had just been passed, and realizing that the next point of land would be Sandy Hook, and that his passage to America was now fully assured, he nerved himself for the worst, and shuffling out of his hole, exclaimed, "Now for America."

As a rule, sailors are not easily scared, but, to say the least, the crew of the *Antartic* were so surprised for a minute or so they could do little more than steadfastly gaze at the boy.

Yank was the first to break the silence by asking if he was a stowaway, to which question Allon gave an affirmative answer.

Another question that was uppermost in Yank's mind, but which, for some reason or other, he could not frame into words, was satisfactorily answered when a moment later the boy was asked by another inquirer as to how he had managed so long in that hole without food.

"You were not in the locker when I searched it," asserted Yank.

"I was; and had it not been that my arms were enwrapped about my head, you would have cracked my skull with the iron bar which you plied with such determination," answered Allon.

"Sonney, I would have been sorry to hurt you," said Yank; "but why did you not let me know you was there?"

"For what did I stow away?" asked the boy.

"I would not have peached on you," replied the seaman.

"I did not intend you should," answered Allon, still remembering the unnecessary rough treatment that was meted out to himself and Harry in their attempt to stow away on the *Oceanic*.

Soon one of the men intimated, that in order to clear themselves of suspicion of having aided the boy, the captain ought to be immediately informed of the matter.

After washing and tidying himself up a little, Allon left the forecabin and made his way aft with the intention of surrendering himself to the captain, who, having already been apprised of the affair, met him at the cabin door.

The skipper was a man of fine physique, handsome, and looked every inch a

commander; but being of both English and Irish extraction, had a sufficiency of those propensities that go to make a man mean and dangerous when angered.

"Where are you bound for?" he at once asked of the stowaway.

"Same place as yourself," answered the boy.

"Which of course will be a tropical region," sarcastically muttered an old sea veteran who stood near by and who had been sharply dealt with by the skipper the day previous.

A scornful and dangerous-looking smile played about the captain's mouth as turning to a tar he ordered that Allon be strung by the thumbs to the mizzenmast and given a taste of a rope-end.

Here the stowaway paid the captain a flattering compliment in regard to his handsome cast of features; adding that he looked too much of a gentleman to flog a boy who was bound hand and foot to a mast.

To satisfy the demands of his own vexed soul, however, the commander gave him a few sharp cuts, and, after four hours of torture, with the hot sun pouring down on his bare head, the captain had him unbound and ordered him to procure a bucket of water and start to clean and scrub the paint work, polish the brass fixtures, and wash the deck before he would be permitted to eat or sleep.

"Aye, aye, sir," answered Allon, he having proficiently acquired that nautical answer while under the tuition of his late acquaintance, Captain Beer.

"Mate, can I have that bucket?" asked Allon a moment later of the ferocious-looking and perpendicular-haired boatswain, who just then was making fast a rope to a belaying pin, while at the same time he kicked aside a bucket that stood in his way.

"Who are you calling mate? I will

make you say 'Yes, sir,' and 'No, sir,'" when you presume to address me," said that petty officer somewhat savagely.

"Yes, sir," promptly answered the stowaway.

"Stop your blarney, or I will wring your neck for you," said the boatswain, this time threateningly.

"Oh, don't be so overbearing with the youngster," sympathetically spoke up an American tar who went by the name of Jerry.

"I want none of your Yankee gab here," rather exultingly answered the boatswain.

"This is an American boat," replied Jerry with a noticeable degree of pride in the utterance.

"Officered by English," tauntingly answered the petty officer.

"You are no representative Britisher," retorted Jerry in a rather scornful tone of voice.

It was but a few minutes afterward when the two men came to blows, during which altercation the second mate also became involved in a fistic encounter with another member of the crew; and so contagious was the revolt that a few others manifested an inclination to participate in the fracas.

"Avast there! I will have no mutinizing aboard the *Antartic*," cried the captain, as with leveled revolver in each hand he just then appeared on the scene; "and," added he, "the first man to strike another blow will pay for it with his life." His determination of purpose was reflected with telling effect in his handsome face, which had now suddenly lost its wonted ruddiness and assumed a whiteness that told plainer than could words that his commands were not to be lightly regarded.

The threatening attitude of the men at once changed into submission, and Jerry was immediately placed in irons and

close confinement, to await the captain's pleasure.

During the whole passage out, which occupied nearly a month, it was evident, from the ugly mood of the crew and the sullen manner in which they obeyed orders, that bad blood existed between them and the officers, while Allon generally formed the outlet for their wrathful and pent-up spleen.

Despite the indignities and brutalities to which he was subjected, he was the most cheerful and light-hearted individual aboard.

It is unnecessary to relate all the incidents that occurred in relation to Allon's adventure on the *Antartic*, some of which were amusing, while others were of such a serious nature as to cause the captain to watch and somewhat fear him.

Whether it was owing to the fact of Allon's shrewdness in successfully stowing away, or whether it was the indifferent manner in which the boy took the insults, blows and kicks from whatever quarter administered, cannot be stated; be that as it may, the close presence of the boy would always give the captain a spasmodic fit of insanity, that would generally end in the precipitate retreat of the stowaway.

One day, as Allon sat in an out of the way nook eating his dinner, which by the way consisted of a quart of thick soup that filled his tin panikin up to the brim, the captain chanced to pass that way, and seeing the boy partaking of the repast with evident relish, stopped for a few moments to watch him eat.

"I am the captain of this ship," at length spoke he, "and while I cannot find time to eat my dinner, this stowaway is here feeding his face until he can hardly" — the captain's rage did not permit him to finish the sentence before he took a vicious kick at the panikin, and happening to catch his foot squarely underneath, sent it, with its hot contents, high

in the air; and in its descent it lighted upon himself. The next moment the boy had fled, and a few moments later was intently gazing down from the royal-yardarm upon the captain, who was busily occupied with the aid of his handkerchief in making his coat a little clean and respectable-looking again.

Shortly afterward, Allon could be found with a decided limp in his gait, the effects of a brutal kick from the captain. Not only was he maltreated by the captain, but the tyrannical boatswain and the crew were none too generous in their treatment of him. But a change was coming — something that would make them regard the hitherto helpless and uncomplaining stowaway as decidedly dangerous at times.

One day, Allon was ordered aloft to give a tar dressing to one of the stays, which, taken altogether, was a little risky business. Procuring a gallon of tar, he went aloft to the task assigned him, and fixing the bucket over his arm, proceeded at once with his work. While thus engaged, the captain cautioned him against letting any tar fall to the deck, adding that if he did he would almost kill him.

"Aye, aye, sir," replied the boy aloft.

Some time afterwards, while scrutinizing the deck for possible tar stains, the captain was startled to see the bucket of tar fall with a heavy thud to the deck. It was not altogether the tar splatterings that had alighted upon a new and spotless sail cloth that lay upon the deck near by, or that which had fallen upon his own raiment that startled him, but it was the fact that the heavy bucket in its long descent had barely missed his head.

Realizing what a narrow escape he had from severe injury — perhaps death — it was some moments before he could collect his nerves sufficiently to speak.

"Stowaway, come down at once," he at

length demanded in a husky and evil-determined tone of voice.

Allon at once came down the rigging, but had scarcely alighted upon the deck when the captain dealt him a savage kick in the side, and followed it up with some vicious fistic lunges upon other parts of the body.

"Get off this vessel altogether, or I will lay you dead at my feet," exclaimed the commander, who had now worked himself up into a towering rage. Instead of getting, the stowaway placidly turned and begged his attention for a few moments.

A wicked, devilish smile, such as one sometimes sees emanating from the countenance of an evil-designing person who when apparently cornered, yet faintly sees a way by which justice can be outwitted and defeated, now diffused itself over the handsome face of the captain.

"Captain Wenn, all I have to say is: that you must stop this kicking business at once, or I shall be tempted"—the stowaway had not time to finish the sen-

tence before the commander gave the boy such a ringing blow on the ear that sent him hurtling to the deck.

"You are supreme aboard the old *Antartic*, but every dog has his day," said Allon, rising to his feet.

"Another word from you," said the skipper, "and I will, upon our arrival in port, turn you over to the police."

For the next few days the boy's usual cheerfulness was lacking, and a sullenness of demeanor was noticeable, so much so, that the crew commented upon it, while the captain eyed him suspiciously. The truth was that, despite all the indignities and brutal attacks that had been heaped upon him, the lad had done his best to ever look upon the bright side of things; but incidentally thinking over the past, of the unfortunate circumstances that had attended him since birth, and withal, of his friendless condition and lack of opportunities to rise among men, his spirit just now was naturally crushed, and a corresponding moroseness was the effect.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)



THE SUNDAY SCHOOL ORGANIST.

IT may be a little out of the ordinary to discuss music and its origin, when the one thing we are to hold in mind is the duties of the Sunday School organist, yet oftentimes to make our walls the strongest we bring stone from a far-off country. So perhaps, when we understand the origin and necessity of music, we can more easily appreciate what is meant by a duty towards the same. Music is in one sense far more ancient than man, and the voice was from the very commencement of hu-

man existence a source of melody. But so far as musical instruments are concerned, it is probable the percussion came first, then wind instruments, then those with strings—first the drum, then the flute, and thirdly the lyre. The early history of music, however, is draped in much obscurity. The use of letters long preceded the invention of notes, and tradition can tell us little of this.

Old writers tell us that Pythagoras, as he was one day thinking on the want of some rule to guide the ear analogous to

what had been used to guide the other senses, passed by a blacksmith shop and observed that the hammers, four in number, sounded very harmoniously. He had them weighed, and found them to be in the proportion of six, eight, nine and twelve pounds. Upon discovering this, he suspended four strings of equal weight and thickness, fastened weights to them in the above mentioned proportions, and found that they gave the same sound the hammers had done. This was probably the beginning of the lyre, and from this hundreds of other instruments have come to us. Improvement upon improvement has been added, until today it might seem perfection in some is nearly reached. This, however, is not true, for many are still at work upon our modern instruments.

Now that we understand in a meagre way the origin of musical instruments, let us consider for a moment the power of music. In the first place, I feel that none of my readers will fail to acknowledge its heavenly influence. The poet says: "The man that hath no music in himself, nor is not moved by concord of sweet sounds, is fit for treasons, stratagems, or spoils." Be that as it may, music is a moral law; it gives soul to the universe, wings to the wind, flight to the imagination, a charm to sadness, gaiety and life to everything. It is the true essence of order, and leads to all that is good, all that is just and beautiful. Music, said Halvey, "is an art that God has given us, in which the voices of all nations may write their prayers in one harmonious rhythm." And Carlyle says, "Music is a kind of inarticulate speech, which leads us to the edge of the infinite, and lets us for a moment gaze into it." Music has been truly described as the mother of sympathy, the handmaid of religion, and I feel it will never exercise its full powers until it aims not merely

to charm the ear but to touch the heart.

In our Church especially do we appreciate the value of true music. We all feel that God is pleased when our music is appropriate and sweet. What would our Sunday School work be without it?—a form of scholastic worship, lacking spirit, lacking a match to strike the ready laid fire to cause a flame. See how each little face is cleared and enlightened as the organist at their entrance strikes up some soft, sweet strain; all thoughts that have been of a wayward nature, all little feelings of jealousy and hate are at once banished and room is left for the spirit of heaven to enter; they are now clay in the potter's hand, and we can mould them as we will. Our first music and our first song sang in unison have brought about this much-desired result. Again, have not their very characters been enlarged and strengthened by these better feelings?

Now, organists, do you not consider it a privilege—a divine privilege, to be chosen to charm the ear, to thus bring happiness, love and peace to many souls? If you have not hitherto thought of your calling, do so now, and then as your duties are presented you will feel that they are strong and important ones, and must not be trifled with. First, are you thoroughly converted to Sunday School work? Have you one thought of its divine mission: of the weak, humble way it first originated; of its wonderful and magnificent growth; of what it is today; of its great work and eternal room for improvement? Do you realize it is an institution wherein is trained the human soul, the greatest creation of God?

Feeling you realize the importance of Sunday School work, let us consider the duty of punctuality. In the first place, punctuality is a characteristic of man—the possessor of which travels onward

and upward; the non-possessor of which slides—slides slowly backward until he finds himself in a deep cut ravine. The habit of being punctual has made many a man great, has made many a man's word one of reliability and honor. If it does so much for ourselves, is it not worth while to make a great effort to be on time everywhere we go? Besides, when we consider that the spirit of a Sunday School depends on its first music, how essential it is that the organist be there strictly on time, prepared to strike the first welcoming strains. When ten o'clock arrives, sweet music should have been heard for at least five minutes; then all are ready to enter into the first song of praise when the school begins, in a manner pleasing to our heavenly Father.

The third duty of our organist is practice. No matter what your ability is, you require practice, and oftentimes much of it. Each week, what pieces are to be played the following Sunday should be carefully studied and practiced. The words and music should be compared, the inspiration of each fully appreciated and understood. Feeling thus, your practice on it

will be sublime, and when it is played after such consideration, all will partake of its divinity. Broken and misunderstood music has been a source of many disturbed feelings.

In order to know what pieces are to be practiced and played, there must exist unity between chorister and organist. A good organist is half the battle, but there should be perfect understanding between chorister and organist as to tempo, phrasing, and expression; and in order to arrive at a perfect understanding, a rehearsal should be held before the song is presented to the school. Difference in sacrament, in opening and in closing pieces must be carefully observed. Care should also be taken in selecting appropriate marches; they should be lively, but not too much of the operatic style. But in no degree least is the duty of the organist to her God. She must be humble, must seek earnestly for His spirit to guide and assist her in her great work. In our great latter-day work we must all strive to observe this great law of the universe, work and grow or remain idle and die.

Elise B. Alder.



KINDERGARTEN METHODS.

For my soul delighteth in the song of the heart: yea, the song of the righteous is a prayer unto me, and it shall be answered with a blessing upon their heads.—Doe. and Cov. 25: 12.



MUSIC.—Music is the universal language of mankind. Every emotion of the heart can be expressed by the rhythm of song. When do we think the best thoughts, feel the tenderest, feel more at peace with all the world? It is when listening to beautiful music. It draws out the finer feel-

ings and helps to awaken the deeper emotions of the soul. The value of song to the child can hardly be estimated. The cultivation of the music sense should begin in earliest childhood. No one agent is so effective as appropriate music and suitable words in the cultivation of the feelings. Plato taught that as gymnastic exercise is necessary to keep the body healthy, so musical exercise is necessary to keep the soul healthy. I think we may be safe in saying that

some appreciation of music is inborn in every child. But the questions that confront the kindergarten Sunday School teachers are, What shall we sing, How shall we sing, and Where shall we get suitable material?

First. What to sing. The child's interest can be keenly aroused only for that which in some way touches his nature and comes within his experience. His early mental food must correspond in a way with his early physical food—it must be simple, and yet contain elements of nourishment for every part.

Some songs deal with the child's relationship to nature, others with his relationship to man, and still others with his relationship to God. In what better way could we teach the lesson of faith in God, and the fact that He knows all we do and say, than to sing such a song as this:

God is always near me,
Hearing what I say,
Knowing all my thoughts and deeds,
All my work and play.

And some of the songs we find in our Sunday School Song Book, as "In Our Lovely Deseret," "Don't Kill the Birds," etc., may be so used.

The songs of Zion are full of Gospel truths. The child may not understand their full meaning now, but as the years go by and he enters upon the broad stage of life, these precious truths, which are safely locked up in his memory, will unfold, and be a "lamp to his feet and an anchor to his soul." Study your children a little while, and you will find that motion songs are the ones in which the child most delights. The motions explain and fill the same place in the song that pictures do in the story. One of the best books to get for motion songs is Emile Poullson's *Finger Plays*. Another one is *Songs and Games for Little Ones*, by Walter Jenks. Nursery rhymes set to music are used in some schools. The

songs, as a rule, should be correlated with the lesson subject. Bring in new songs occasionally; the child tires of the old ones. Help your children to hear music in the babbling brook, the blowing wind, the raging storm, the pealing thunder, and in all nature.

HOW TO TEACH AND SING THE SONGS.

First, the teacher must study the words and get the fullest and truest meaning out of them. Then the child must become familiar with them. One method of teaching the words is to have the little ones repeat them after the teacher. Another method is to illustrate. Take the song, "Here's a Ball for Baby." The ball may be drawn or the big, soft ball itself may be brought. The songs teach lessons, and the main thought in them should be made just as clear as in any other lesson.

Take the second verse of "Can a Little Child Like Me?" It says, "For the fruit upon the tree," name and draw fruit, "For the birds that sing to me," draw the birds, talk of their colors, name them, play you are birds, why does our heavenly Father send them? When the child knows the words, they may be used as little poems and gems. Then there are some very simple songs which can be treasured and learned simply by singing them over. Put soul into your work and songs. One of our greatest needs is soul expression in our singing. Feel what you sing, if it is "Father, We Thank Thee," let us sing it with a feeling of thankfulness. If it is "Hurrah for the Jolly Old Winter," let us feel gay and lively. If you have the spirit of the song, your children will not be slow in catching it.

Children usually sing too loud. Teach them to sing soft and low. It will not take them long to learn that loud singing is not always good singing.

What is a more heavenly, inspiring

sight than the sweet, innocent, upturned faces of little children, fresh from the Maker's hand, pouring out their souls in song?

The song develops within the children, imperceptibly to themselves, a certain harmony of feelings, a softening of the strong animal passions, and thus ennoble them, and creates a love for everything beautiful. The love of harmonious sounds will lead to harmonious living. The heart is opened and made responsive to the higher things of life.

What richer soil than this can we ask in which to sow the seeds of eternal life?

Then, if music is such a powerful means of educating the child morally, we cannot afford to neglect it, or be satisfied with anything short of the best.

"The purpose of all true art, whether in music, in poetry, in painting, or in sculpture, is to please and ennoble; therefore choose only that which will be helpful and inspiring."

GEMS AND REST EXERCISES.—Play is a part of child-life. The little tots have lived most of their life in a play-world, and if a teacher wishes to be successful, as a loved leader of her children, she will do well to go a considerable distance into the play-world to meet them, that there may not be a great gulf between their world and the new life upon which they are entering.

Play, or otherwise physical exercise, is the most natural, surest and quickest way to secure order, system and co-operation in a disorderly, irregular and indifferent class.

Play is better than formal physical exercise, because it is the most natural, because it is the child's real work, because it is the only complete means of self-expression which the child has. Then, too, the joyousness of the play is almost as beneficial as the exercise itself. It is a means towards the end we wish to

attain in our work. It is unnatural for a young child to remain quiet long, therefore it is an injustice to compel him to sit still for more than ten minutes at a time. Different forms of activity must be given. The instant a child becomes restless a change is necessary. No lesson should continue when there is a restless or an indifferent spirit manifested by the children. Then they are not interested. See to it that there is good ventilation while these exercises are being given. That is the first need.

The exercises, like the songs, must be simple. The motion songs and finger plays may now be used to good advantage. The songs and exercises or games in the kindergarten cannot well be separated—they go together. The method of the kindergarten circles around songs and games, their chief characteristic being that they express the same thought in words, melody and motion, thus appealing to the thought, feeling and activity of the child. The spiritual, intellectual and physical form so close a unity that each element affects and is affected by the other.

When music accompanies these exercises, the mind is taken from the physical realm and lifted to the spiritual. The aesthetic in nature is appealed to. Let the child imitate life in its varied aspects. The more varied the wider will be his interests and sympathies. What the child imitates he begins to understand; if he imitates the farmer, the tailor, the blacksmith, the shoemaker, etc., he enters into their lives. The child who imitates flying birds, buzzing bees, gaudy butterflies, woolly sheep, growing flowers, etc., is getting nearer to nature's heart, and thus nearer to his heavenly Father.

An excellent opportunity is given the teacher to guide her children in these games. A child reveals his true self in these spontaneous plays. If he is in-

clined to be rude he will show it, and then is the teacher's golden opportunity to develop gentleness in the child, not by calling attention to his rude conduct, but by speaking of the gentle child. Never shall we be able to develop virtues in our children by always calling attention to vices. Children who can play happily together, stand a better show of living happily together as men and women.

It is true that in a great many of our Sunday Schools we have not the advantage of a regular kindergarten room, but there are many little games and exercises that can be given in any room. Example—Call a child to the front to go through different movements which all can imitate, as clapping, shaking fingers, nodding, stamping, reaching, etc., then that child may call another to come and take his place; the children will invent new movements.

Then there are various sense training games, by which the child's soul is awakened through contact with the outer world. Some of the lessons to be learned from these songs and games are reverence, enthusiasm, consciousness, sentiment, order, freedom, a rich imagination, grace and experience. The ideas in the songs, games and stories introduced from month to month must bear essential relation to the life of the child and to each other, so that the child may see more and more fully his own nature and place in the world.

Let not the child an inward feeling cherish,
That he within himself one life can be!
Only a member of the living whole—
A portion of this varied life is he.

The teacher must be in perfect sympathy with the child in thought and feeling. Our work is purely a work of love. As we leave childhood behind us and face the stern realities of life, we are apt to forget how real are the unrealities of life. Live close to the heart and interest of the child. Dare to be children with your children. Remember we are moulding the characters of the future men and women of our Church and nation, and it is worth our best effort. The true teacher is not working for today alone, but for the whole life of her boys and girls, here and hereafter. We have the grandest opportunities of the world, under the influence of the Divine Spirit, to help fan that spark of celestial fire, that love of the beautiful and good that is in every human breast but which in the hearts of so many men and women lies cold and dormant.

The world is full of discords, but our little songs and games will be the means of introducing into the lives of our boys and girls one more element of harmony which will silently bind their hearts together as with threads of silk and chains of gold. And so make life, death and that vast forever one grand, sweet song.

Rose Liljenquist.



THE TWO WORDS.

One day a harsh word, rashly said,
Upon an evil journey sped,
And, like a sharp and cruel dart,
It pierced a fond and loving heart;
It turned a friend into a foe,
And everywhere brought pain and woe.

A kind word followed it one day,
Flew swiftly on its blessed way;
It healed the wound, it soothed the pain,
And friends of old were friends again:
It made the hate and anger cease,
And everywhere brought joy and peace.

But yet the harsh word left a trace
 The kind word could not quite efface,
 And though the heart its love regained,
 It bore a scar that long remained.
 Friends could forgive, but not forget,
 Nor lose the sense of keen regret.

Oh! if we would but learn to know
 How swift and sure one word can go,
 How would we weigh, with utmost care,
 Each word, before it sought the air,
 And only speak the words that move
 Like white winged messengers of love!

Selected.



THE GODS OF THE ANCIENTS.

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 398.)

IN our last number we gave pictures of Jupiter, who, according to Roman belief, was the chief of the gods; of Juno, his queen; of Minerva, the goddess of wisdom; of Neptune, the god of the seas; of Venus, the goddess of love; of Mars, the god of war; of Vulcan, the god of fire and of working in metals; of Hercules, the god of bodily strength. Of course, as these gods never existed, only in the imagination of those who worshiped them, the





pictures are only fancy pictures, but they show the way in which these supposed divine beings are generally represented.

Today we insert pictures of Apollo, the god of music, poetry, and healing; of Mercury, the messenger of the gods and the protector of thieves; of Saturn, a kind of duplicate of old Time, and the god of agriculture; of Pluto, the god of the lower regions; of Ceres, the goddess of grain and of the harvest, and of Diana, the huntress, the goddess of the moon, and the particular protector of woman kind.

Notwithstanding the fact that the gods of the Greeks were so numerous, fearing that the worship of some unknown deity might possibly be neglected, this people occasionally built altars to "the unknown god" to make assurance doubly sure. An altar with such an inscription the Apostle Paul found on Mars Hill near Athens (Acts 17: 23) which gave him the oppor-

tunity of declaring the powers and glory of the true God and explaining to these idolaters that they were the offspring of the great Creator, and they being God's children "ought not to think that the Godhead is like unto gold, or silver, or stone, graven by art or man's device," but being His children they were created in His image.

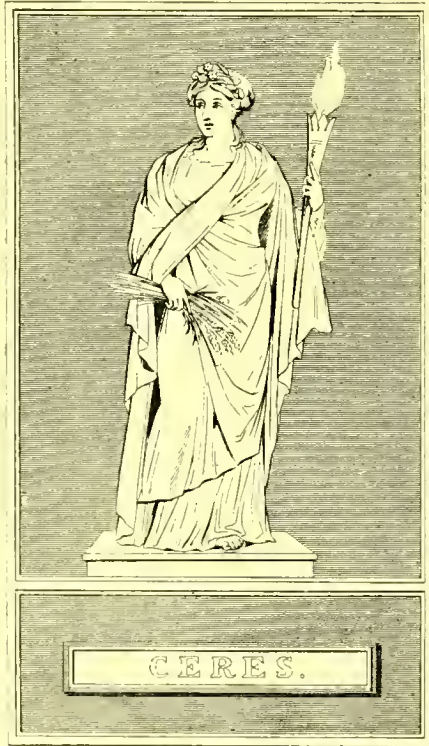
Though modern Christianity is so far removed from ancient mythology as far as the beings worshiped is concerned, yet in modern religions there is little in faith, sentiment, morals, ceremonies, or even cruel superstition which the ancients had not. They had prayers and invocations and hymns to their divinities. They believed in one supreme Head, with inferior agents, somewhat like the angels; they believed in an evil spirit, with agents like the devil and his imps. Each nation had an incarnation of the Deity, or adopted



one or more from their neighbors; some had an eldest son of God, born of a virgin, a savior of the world; they had their mysteries in religion, their shaven priests, their sacred virgins, nuns and nunneries, processions, temples, sacred books, oracles, inspiration, prophecies, miracles, pict-

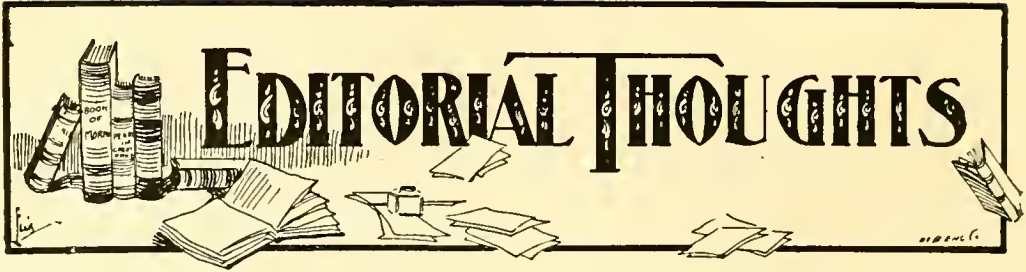
there was in practice one religion for the rich, another for the poor; all of which goes to prove an original type from which all, both ancient and modern, have diverged, some to such an extent that the original can scarcely be recognized.

The Lord led two different races to this



ures and statuary, some of which are known to have been transferred to Christian use. A heathen temple occasionally became a church; a Diana, a Virgin Mary, and the cross of the heathen, the cross of the Christian. They also had sacred bells; nor is it we believe possible to name a creed they did not hold, or a ceremony they did not practice. They were, also, divided into sects as modern Christians are, some more superstitious than others, and hence more popular; others more philosophic, but, as in some measure in modern times among popular churches,

continent, both of whom when they first reached here were led and taught by God's servants; but like their fellows on the eastern hemisphere they soon departed from the pure principles of righteousness and fell into all manner of evil. In course of time both races gave way to idolatry; and in the case of the Nephites and Lamanites their idolatry was accompanied in later years by various abominable and savage customs. The details are lacking with regard to the practices to which the degenerate Jaredite idolaters descended.



SALT LAKE CITY, - - JULY 15, 1904.

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THE CHURCH RULE OF CONSENT.



SOME years ago the Church promulgated a rule of discipline requiring its leading officers to consult those to whom they were responsible before accepting duties or obligations that might be incompatible with their duties to the Church. Such a rule is the unwritten law of every important organization.

Law firms, business houses, railroads and other organizations of men to promote industry subject their members or officers to like regulations. Such firms are often represented in the affairs of

state without objection; but the question of extending the rule to officers of the Church seems to have met violent opposition. Of course the reason is that officers in a religious organization exercise an influence that is neither political nor financial; an influence that is supposed to constitute a mastery over the minds of others.

Then again, it is thought that the Church may have motives inconsistent with political or party advancement. It may give consent, it is argued, to churchmen of one political party and withhold it from those of another. Such motives of self-interest are no different in case of a Church than in other or secular organizations, unless it be a difference in degree. It really constitutes one of those excuses which ambitious men avail themselves of to limit, as much as possible, political rivalry. Politicians certainly have no traditional grounds for imputing selfish motives to others.

The liberty of service is certainly fundamental in our republic; and men may choose their occupation in the church or state at will. There is no more ground for saying that men hold their country in lower esteem than business because they prefer business to political pursuits, than there is to say that they hold church above state because they are reluctant to abandon wholly church duties when they seek political honors or emoluments. What the state needs most is honest administration; and there is no reason to believe that the standard of service is likely to be lowered by religious convictions.

The fact is that there exists a strong

tendency among people to run to extremes. In the early history of our country, religious beliefs and professions were so strong that men without them were excluded from their just participation in the affairs of the country. Today, the opposite tendency prevails and religious professions and duties give rise to violent political opposition. The excuse for such discrimination is that the church will rule the state. Did it ever occur to such protestants that there is just as much danger that the state will undertake to regulate the affairs of the church? In the earlier centuries the heads of the state were called to account before the authority of the church; today the heads of a church are called to account before the authority of the state. Those churches that have been so ready to humiliate the authorities of a persecuted Church before the heads of the nation and to deprive it of its fundamental and constitutional rights of managing its own affairs are simply sowing to the wind. If such churches lose the wholesome moral influence they might otherwise have exercised upon the political life of the nation, they will have nobody to blame but themselves.

The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints does not support a hired ministry. Its officers are men of a wide range of experience and may engage in business and political affairs; and yet the Church asks that they accept the rule of consent that it may be known whether new obligations would be inconsistent with those already assumed. Where added duties, political or financial, would be detrimental to the Church calling, men act with the fullest freedom, if it becomes necessary to make a choice. The Church seeks an amicable adjustment wherever there is a conflict, and wishes those well who either accept additional responsibilities, or resign positions in the Church to assume new duties in political or business life.

That such a rule could be brought into question by the state and be made an issue in a contest to oust a man regularly elected to an important office in the service of his country shows an unwarranted interference on the part of the state with the affairs of the Church. Such an attitude on the part of the state toward a church is cause for the gravest alarm for the rights of men in the exercise of their religious beliefs. Certainly the Church has no thought of abandoning the rule of consent; and to what is purely a church rule, politicians have no just right to give a false political coloring; and the question of the wisdom or unwisdom of a purely church rule of discipline is one with which outside parties should have nothing to do and should cease to interfere.

Joseph F. Smith.



THE DEATH OF APOSTLE WOODRUFF.*

THE announcement of the death of Apostle Woodruff, who was but recently elected a member of the Deseret Sunday School Union Board, was so sudden and painful as to create a feeling of universal sorrow throughout the Church. Just prior to his death the Saints were greatly touched by his sorrow over the loss of Sister Woodruff, whose death from the effects of a dreadful disease had awakened everywhere heartfelt sympathy.

Shortly after the April conference he left his home here in this city to visit the mission in the City of Mexico and surrounding towns, where branches of the Church had been established. On this visit he was accompanied by his wife, who in some inexplicable manner contracted smallpox. Apostle Woodruff's constant attention at her bedside and his

* A biographical sketch of Elder Woodruff appears in vol. 35, page 769 of the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR.

loving and sympathetic watchcare over her made him, in his exhausted condition, a victim to the dread disease. The earliest reports of his condition were encouraging and the Saints felt that his recovery was certain. Their expectations, however, were doomed to disappointment, for the disease and his weakness had greatly affected the action of the heart.

When one thinks of the youth of Elder Woodruff, of his remarkable powers of endurance, and of the great activities which he had displayed in many pursuits of life, one is led to exclaim with the ancient Apostle, "Truly the ways of the Lord are past understanding." Brother Woodruff's calling and his constant effort to magnify it gave promise of an earthly career of long

years and great usefulness. The youngest member of his quorum, he has been stricken down in the fullness of his manhood, and in the full vigor of mind and body. His presence will be missed in the councils of his associates and in the assemblies of the Saints. His father before him had lived beyond the allotted time of man and it was believed that his son possessed the enduring phys-

ical powers of his father. However we are called upon again to submit to the inscrutable decrees of an allwise Providence, and bow to the mandates of Him whose purposes alike in life and death are wisely ordained and mercifully fulfilled.

Brother and Sister Woodruff have left

to the tender mercies of this world four infant children, whose pathway in life all may help to make straight, and in whose earthly career all may contribute something of a prayerful good will and friendly interest. While there is no doubt that these little ones will receive the ministrations of loving hands and tender hearts, their bereavement of both father and mother in so short a space of time is something that saddens the heart and awakens



APOSTLE A. O. WOODRUFF.

within the human breast the tenderest and most sympathetic emotions. In the brotherly feelings which attach the memories of the Saints to his ardent work in the ministry there are regrets and wonderment. However, consolation is sought in the spirit which gave utterance to that sublime saying: "The Lord gave and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord."

CHANGES IN STAKE SUPERINTENDENTS.

AFTER many years of faithful service, Elder Langley A. Bailey has retired from the superintendency of the Sunday Schools of the Juab Stake of Zion. Superintendent Bailey has been an earnest and devoted worker in the Sunday School cause for over thirty-eight years, and under his fatherly supervision the schools of Juab Stake have prospered. On June 5th and 6th Elders Joseph W. Summerhays, John M. Mills and William A. Morton visited Juab Stake and re-organized its Sunday School Union Board, when Elder Charles H. Grace was set apart as Stake Superintendent. The visiting brethren carried to Brother Bailey the sincere thanks of the General Board, and presented him with a beautiful hand-painted picture of the Hill Cumorah.

At the monthly union meeting of the Sunday School workers of the Fremont Stake of Zion, held in Rexburg, Sunday, June 19th, Stake Superintendent John T. Smellie, being about to remove to Raymond, Alberta, tendered his resignation.

This was accepted with many expressions of affection and regret, Superintendent Smellie having been an efficient, progressive and zealous officer. Elder Ernest Bramwell, who has been Brother Smellie's second assistant, was chosen and upheld as his successor in the superintendency.

POCKET DOCTRINE AND COVENANTS.

WITH the permission and approval of the First Presidency the Deseret Sunday School Union has published a vest pocket edition of the Book of Doctrine and Covenants, uniform page for page and line for line with the regular electrotype edition, and containing all the foot notes and cross references. It is admirably adapted for missionaries and Sunday School workers on account of its size, $4\frac{3}{4}$ by $2\frac{3}{4}$ inches. The type is clear, the paper imitation India, the binding excellent, and altogether it is a beautiful example of the printer's art. The price also, according to the practice of the Union, is placed at the lowest. Flexible Morocco gilt divinity circuit, seventy-five cents; full cloth, fifty cents.

**CURRENT TOPICS.****A BRIEF HISTORY OF THE LABOR AGITATION IN COLORADO.**

FOR the past four or five years, Colorado has been the center of labor agitation. It will be remembered that one of Colorado's governors, Mr. Waite, away back in the early nineties, proposed to bring low the wealthy classes, even if it became necessary to ride in blood to the horses' bridles. Thereafter the governor was styled.

"Bloody Bridles" Waite. For seven or eight years the struggle has been going on in which the miners have made frequent use of dynamite and the shotgun. Generally the miners have had with them the governor of the state; but at the last election, the Republicans put in nomination a somewhat unknown man with little thought, no doubt, that he could be elected. His election was, therefore, something of a surprise; and he himself has

been even a greater one, for unlike his immediate predecessors he has determined to maintain the law.

The great gold mine district of Cripple Creek has been the center of the labor troubles which have been characterized by midnight murders, brutal assaults under cover of darkness, and the use of dynamite. The crimes that were committed were rarely punished; and even when men were caught red handed, they were the recipients of the governor's pardon. Governor Waite even went so far in his time as to intimate in a speech made in Cripple Creek that pardon would not be grudgingly given. All political campaigns throughout the state were carried on with a view of conciliating the labor vote. Practically all non-union miners were forced out of the district. Sometimes mine superintendents were assassinated, workmen shot or beaten and driven out of the camp.

The miners set up a demand for an eight hour law which they succeeded in getting passed and it was also signed by the governor; but the supreme court held it to be unconstitutional. The miners did not forgive the judge who wrote the opinion and he failed to get a re-nomination. The agitation for the eight hour law also continued and the legislature sought to placate the union by submitting a constitutional amendment to the people who voted in its favor; but the last legislature in its quarrels failed to pass a law putting it into force. The legislature even failed to make the necessary appropriation to carry on the affairs of government. Governor Peabody thereupon reconvened the legislature for the specific purpose of providing funds for the maintenance of the state government. The miners insisted that the consideration of an eight hour law should also be included in the call.

The Governor refused and the unionists began to threaten him with personal

violence, and so the eight hour law war began. Some of the mine owners were reluctant in yielding to the demands of the union. In the Idaho Spring mine, there was an outright refusal and some of the miners undertook to force their demand by inaugurating a reign of terror. They rolled kegs of dynamite down the hill in the direction of the mine, but they had not estimated correctly the rapidity with which the fuse burned and so the explosion occurred soon after the kegs left the hands of the dynamiters and one unionist was killed. This circumstance so outraged the inhabitants that the leaders of the local miners union were escorted out of town and threatened with death if they returned. A Populist judge now intervened and re-instated the union leaders.

At the Telluride mine where the owners ventured to oppose the union by employing non-union men, the latter were shot down by men from behind the crags as they were making their way along the trail to the shaft house. No one knows how many men were killed in this manner; but a commission was sent out to investigate and brought back the report that all was peaceful and quiet and there was no need of troops. Under these circumstances the mine was forced to shut down. After this Governor Peabody determined to enforce the law and called out the militia. As long as the soldiers were on duty, all was peaceful. Then there would be an outcry against the Governor for incurring unnecessary expense by maintaining the militia where it was not needed. As soon as the troops were withdrawn, violence opened anew.

In July, 1903, the mine owners, driven to desperation, declared that they would operate the mines with such labor as they could get without respect to the demands of the union. For nearly a year in Cripple Creek there has been constant trouble and

the first importation of non-union workmen created something of a reign of terror. The outrages which have been perpetrated by union men have been going on in spite of the presence of the militia until the recent explosion of dynamite under a railway station platform by which fifteen non-union men were almost blown to atoms and several injured. The whole district arose in arms in consequence of this one of the most brutal outrages ever perpetrated and proceeded to drive union men not only out of the mining district but to charter trains and take them out of the state.

EDUCATION IN UGANDA.

THE education and consequent possibilities of the black race are not confined to the negro population of the United States. In the province of Uganda, in East Africa, a wonderful transformation has been going on within recent years. Henry M. Stanley visited that country in 1875 and after learning the capabilities of the negroes there, wrote an eloquent letter appealing to the missionaries of the various denominations in which he advocated the introduction of some school system among the negro people. Work soon began on the translation of the Bible which was used as the basis of instruction. As a result, today about fifty thousand natives can both read and write. They have shown a wonderful aptitude and have become somewhat enthusiastic in their worship.

In the country there are one thousand and seventy churches for Protestant worship; and the Roman Catholics have converted to their faith something like ninety thousand. Most of the teachers are from among the natives who receive their instructions from the white missionaries. The educational facilities and the eagerness among the people are making quite a revolution in the country.

One is constantly impressed by the

rapid strides which civilization is making in dark places. More is accomplished today in Asiatic countries and in parts of Africa in a single year than was formerly done in a generation. This is certainly the age of electricity in social life as well as in scientific progress; and one is constantly urged to the remark, "How quick things happen!"

THE WAR BETWEEN RUSSIA AND JAPAN.

WHEN the war broke out less than six months ago, few were prepared for the great surprises which it held in store for them. With great precision and rapidity, the Japanese swept the Russian fleet from the high seas and bottled up the major part of it in Port Arthur. As soon as the seas were cleared, the Japs set in motion the transports that quickly carried great armies into Korea. From this peninsula the march to the frontier of Manchuria began.

The Yalu river is the boundary line between Korea and Manchuria, and it became the scene of the first serious engagement by the land forces of the two nations. The battle of the Yalu was, therefore, the initial contest which was to determine the relative strength of the two armies. In this battle, fought on the first day of May, the Japanese dislodged the Russians from the hills on which they held strongly fortified positions to the north of the river. Japanese military tactics and personal bravery won for them the admiration of the world. General Kuroki enshrined his name on the list of military heroes. The Japanese navy now succeeded in clearing all the southern coast of Manchuria and put Dalny, the chief Russian commercial port, under Japanese control.

After the battle of the Yalu all resistance to the landing of Japanese armies had been overcome and a second army division landed a short distance east of

Dalny and began its march in a north-westerly direction to the narrow neck of land formed by the Kinchou bay on the west and the Talienwan bay on the east. The division was under command of General Oku, who at once began to invest Nanshan hill, which was thought by military experts to be impregnable. It had been strongly fortified by the Russians. The neck of land here is about two miles wide and the hill is about 2,000 feet high. Near its top the grade of the hill is quite steep so that it offered an ideal defense against an invading army. The storming and capture of this fort on May 26th was the second mile-post in the land victories of Japan.

Whoever up to this time doubted the superiority of the Japanese soldiers over the Russian, had all doubts dispelled by the battle of Nanshan hill. If Russia could not hold such a fortification, what hope was there that Port Arthur could resist. The Russians themselves conceded that Port Arthur must fall.

The Japanese at once began their tightening grip on the port by concentrating their army and landing the great siege guns that had been prepared for the work. With a view of relieving the pressure on Port Arthur, General Stalkenberg was dispatched south with an army which encountered the Japanese at Vafangow where another important battle was fought. Again the Japanese were victorious.

SENATOR QUAY.

THE judgment pronounced upon Senator Quay after his death is both curious and instructive. The newspapers quite generally undertaking to analyze the man; and those that were opposed to him in life are as unrelenting in death. The one curious feature is that they condemn him because he looked upon politics as a game. Well, isn't it a game? It may not be wholly a game, but the quality of

chance is one of its most characteristic features. Senator Quay devised more new moves on the chessboard of politics than any other man of his generation. The country often saw him cornered and yet he swept everything before him.

Was he a good man? Was he a statesman? He was not all good. He was not a John Quincy Adams. All agree that he was true to friends and that his word was as good as his bond.

Those who believe that the office should seek the man, that office should be held for purely unselfish and patriotic purposes will find much wanting in Senator Quay. He not only employed all the known political forces that were in use when he entered the field, but he devised ways and means that were wholly his own. He was most resourceful, and always had abundant resources in reserve for unforeseen contingencies. Accusations mountain high were piled up against him. Were they true? Some, perhaps, were, but how many no man can tell. The great majority of the people of Pennsylvania was on the side of the policy he represented and his following was always large. He possessed a wonderful mastery over the minds of men and was always an able judge of human nature.

There was at least one praiseworthy quality in the life of Senator Quay; he never imagined that he paid his full duty to virtue by simply praising it. There was less of the canting hypocrite in him than in many men in public life. In his methods he represented the most advanced political product of his time. He was prominent in the Senate; and although he was not esteemed an orator, his influence was always potent on the side he espoused. The impartial observer will look upon Senator Quay with mixed feelings of criticism and commendation. For a just judgment upon, and a correct balance of the deeds of his life, we must wait the great hereafter.

TABERNACLES OF ANCIENT ISRAEL.



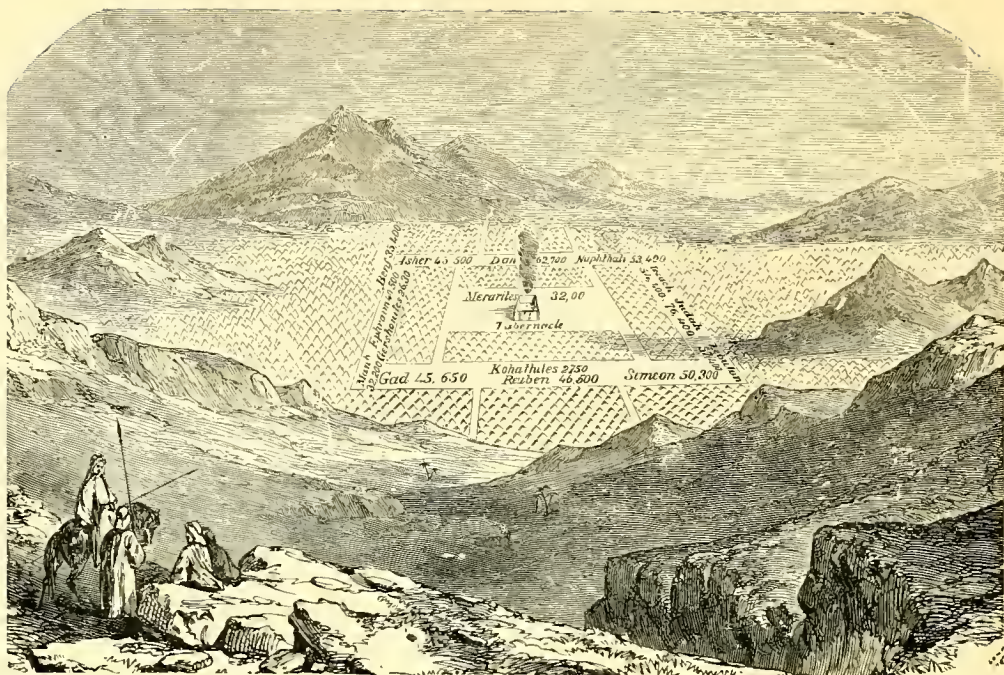
WE read that the tabernacle which Moses erected was known "as the tabernacle of the congregation" (Exodus, 33: 7-11). "Moses took the tabernacle and pitched it without the camp, afar off from the camp and called it the tabernacle of the congregation. And it came to pass that every one which sought the Lord went out unto the tabernacle of the congregation, which was without the camp. And it came to pass that when Moses went out unto the tabernacle, that all of the people rose up, and stood every man at his tent door, and looked after Moses until he was gone into the tabernacle. And it came to pass as Moses entered into the tabernacle, the cloudy pillar descended and stood at the door of the tabernacle, and the Lord talked with Moses. And all the people saw the cloudy pillar stand at the tabernacle door; and all the people rose up and worshiped, every one in his tent door. Here, then, Moses beheld the cloudy pillar descend, and here the Lord spake unto Moses face to face, as a man speaketh unto his friend."

The tabernacle was erected by Moses for the Lord, and was to be used for public solemn worship. It was set up on the first day of the first month in the second year after leaving Egypt. This tabernacle, by the command of the Lord, was erected in the Arabian desert, by voluntary contributions of the Israelites. The people provided the materials of which the tabernacle was constructed, every one donating according to his ability. "And the Lord spake unto Moses, saying, Speak unto the children of Israel, that they bring me an offering: of every man that giveth it willingly with his heart ye shall take my offering. And this is the offering which ye shall take of them:

gold and silver and brass, and blue and purple and scarlet, and fine linen, and goat's hair and ram's skin dyed red, and badger's skins, and shittim-wood." Women willingly contributed bracelets, earrings, yarn and thread, and so liberal were the people in their offerings that Moses forbade by proclamation any more gifts (Exodus 36: 6).

The Israelites carried this tabernacle as they journeyed towards Canaan. In form it resembled a large tent, the sides and roof being made safe with boards, hangings and coverings. The boards were fixed into silver sockets, and were kept together by means of golden rings, through which transverse bars were passed. We learn from Exodus that over this frame work four coverings were spread, the first of which consisted of a fine cotton texture, dark blue, purple and scarlet, into which the representations of cherubim were woven. The second was larger than the first, and consisted of a texture made of very fine wool which grows between the hair of some breeds of goats. The third covering was made of red morocco leather, and the fourth was of still stronger leather, well adapted to resist the stormy weather. This last covering is supposed to have been made from the skins of seals that had been captured in the Red sea. The first and second coverings consisted of a number of curtains which were connected with each other by means of golden hooks and eyes (Exodus, 25: 30; 36).

The tent was thirty cubits in length and ten in height and breadth. Within, a veil made of rich linen parted the holy place, which in Heb. 9: 2-6 is called the first tabernacle, from the holy of holies, called in Heb., 9: 7, the second tabernacle.



THE TABERNACLE IN THE WILDERNESS.

In the first stood the altar overlaid with gold, the table of shew-bread, and the candlestick of pure gold, containing seven branches. None but priests were allowed in this sacred place.

The Holy of Holies was the most sacred place of the tabernacle, and none were allowed to enter except the high priest. This contained the ark of the covenant (Exodus, 25: 22; Josh. 4: 7) or ark of the testimony.

This ark was a small chest made of shittim wood, and overlaid with fine gold. Within were the two tables of the law, as well as the broken ones, the pot of manna, and the rod of Aaron that budded (Heb. 9: 4).

None but the priests were allowed to touch the ark, and only the sacerdotal family permitted to carry it, and that with poles made from the shittim wood. Uzziah, the Levite, was punished with death for touching it (II Sam. 6: 7).

The lid of the ark was of solid gold, and called the mercy seat, and at the two ends were two cherubim facing each other, with expanded wings, and it was

here that the cloud appeared (Lev. 16: 2). When the Lord was consulted he answered by audible voice (Exod. 25: 22; Num. 7: 89) and so it is written that God dwells between the cherubim (II Kings 19: 15).

Over the roof of planks were curtains of different kinds and in the colors of crimson, scarlet, purple and hyacinth. Goats' hair, sheep and badgers' skins, dyed red and azure blue protected the rich curtains from the rain.

The oblong court was a hundred cubits long and fifty wide, in the centre of which stood a vessel in which the priests washed their hands and feet, whenever they were to enter the tabernacle, or offer sacrifices.

Opposite to the entrance of the tabernacle was the brazen altar, which stood in the open air so that the interior of the building would not be ruined by the fire. This fire was miraculously kindled (Lev. 9: 24) and by the command of the Lord, when once kindled should ever be kept burning upon the altar and never be allowed to go out (Lev. 6: 12, 13.) Aaron was commanded of the Lord through Moses to place the incense upon the fire

before the Lord, that the cloud of the incense should cover the mercy seat (Lev., 16: 12, 13); but even Aaron was commanded not to come at all times unto the holy place within the veil before the mercy seat which is upon the ark, for the Lord declared that he would appear in the cloud upon the mercy seat (Lev. 16: 2).

We learn from the same book (10: 1) that Nadab and Abihu, the two sons of Aaron, took the censers and placing common fire in them, laid incense thereon, and offered strange fire before the Lord, and for such presumption a fire went out from the Lord and devoured them, and they died.

The Israelites being settled in the land of promise, the tabernacle was surrounded with a great many tents which were placed about it similar to the buildings which were afterward erected around the temple. These tents were used for the ministrations of the priests and for storing away provisions.

The tabernacle being finished, it was consecrated, with all the belongings, with a holy anointing oil prepared by divine command, and Moses was commanded to anoint the tabernacle of the congregation therewith, and the ark of the testimony, and the table and all his vessels and the candlestick and his vessels, and the altar of incense, and the altar of burnt offering, with all his vessels and the laver and his foot (Exodus 30: 22-28).

After the consecration the Lord visited

it with His holy presence, and covered it with a cloud which overshadowed it by day, and by night gave light, as a fire. The Lord also answered in an audible manner from the ark when sought by the high priest.

As the Israelites moved from place to place the tabernacle was taken down, and every Levite had a particular part to carry. Upon some occasions the priests bore the ark, as when they crossed Jordan and besieged Jericho (Josh. 3: 14; 6: 6). In Numbers, chapter four, the way in which the ark was carried is explained.

When in camp, the Israelites always surrounded the tabernacle, it standing in their midst, but Moses and Aaron, with the priests and Levites, encamped in their tents next to the sacred structure. The tabernacle thus accompanied the Israelites in all their wanderings until they reached the land of Canaan. In this land it was first set up at Gilgal, and remained at that place for seven years, during which time Joshua was making a conquest of the country. It was next pitched in Shiloh. The Philistines finally obtained possession and deposited it in the temple of one of their idols (I Sam. 4: 10, 11).

For twenty years Abinadab had charge of it. David finally obtained and brought it to Jerusalem (II Sam. 6: 17; I Chron. 15: 25; 16: 1) and here it remained until placed in the temple of Solomon. It was finally destroyed by Nebuchadnezzar at the destruction of Jerusalem.

Frank Van Cott.



ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS.

SIDNEY RIGDON AND THE "MANUSCRIPT STORY."



QUESTION: The opponents of the Latter-day Saints often claim that Sidney Rigdon was ac-

quainted with the contents of Spaulding's "Manuscript Story" and that he worked in a printing office with a Mr. Patterson in Pittsburg, Pennsylvania, where he had access to it. This the Elders vigorously

deny as absolutely untrue. Have we any direct statement of Sidney Rigdon himself, on the matter?"

Answer: Yes. Under date of May 27, 1839, Sidney Rigdon wrote a letter to the *Boston Recorder* in which he states that he had never worked in a printing office in Pittsburg; never knew Mr. Patterson; that there was no such person in Pittsburg, while he (Rigdon) lived there; but that he had learned that a man of that name had previously owned a printing office in that place, but had failed. Also that he (Rigdon) never heard of Spaulding or his romance until he saw Hurlburt and Howe's book. Hurlburt and Howe's book here spoken of is the one in which the Spaulding story originated.

PROSELYTING IN RUSSIA.

Question: Is proselyting allowed in Russia?

Answer: No. The national religion of Russia is the Greek Catholic whose head is the Czar, and it is generally styled the Russian Church. Conquered peoples are usually allowed to retain their religion; thus there are tolerated in the Empire Protestants, Buddhists, and Mohammedans. Proselyting even among denominations other than the Russian Church is not allowed. If a Protestant marry a Catholic, their children must be brought up in the Russian Church. No Protestant minister, it is claimed, can even enter Russia without special permit of the Czar.



IN MEMORY OF THE PIONEERS OF 1847.

In many a happy Utah home,
Where dwell the virtuous and the fair,
'Neath lowly roof or gilded dome,
Ascends a patriotic prayer.

Throughout our land, where'er we roam,
Behold! there's plenty, peace and rest;
Our fathers' consecrated home,
The gem, the beauty of the west.

Because of differing creeds, our sires
Failed not to act at duty's call;
The ditch, the fence, the brushwood fire.
Were tokens of goodwill to all.

We cannot easily forget
The great, intrepid Brigham Young;
He faltered not, e'en when he met
That which with pain his true heart wrung.

Through him God spake, and soon a band
Of staunchest friends around him stood,
And with him sought this desert land;
Those noble pioneers, brave and good.

When of their earthly goods bereft,
And total vanquishment seemed nigh,
Outgeneraling fate, they fought down death—
Our valiant heroes would not die.

Not Israel's camp in olden days
Could e'er conceive a faith so strong;
Their journey, which should cost few days,
To forty years did they prolong.

But humbler men, yet firm and great,
Were now for greater purpose given,
Whose words and deeds had power and weight;
E'en those of eighteen-forty-seven.

For many years they lived and toiled,
Their faith a mighty ceaseless stream;
Though often tempted, often foiled,
They would the desert yet redeem.

Down to their graves, they labored hard
To fill the swamps and raze the knolls;
Peace to their dust, do not discard
Their names from prayer; God rest their souls.

All honor to the Pioneers—
The noble women and the men!
All hail our natal day; let cheers
For Utah's founders ring again.

John Powell.

OUR LITTLE FOLKS



EDITED BY
LOUISA L. GREENE RICHARDS.

Address: Mrs. L. L. Greene Richards, 160 C Street, Salt Lake City, Utah.

A TRUE COLUMBIAN INCIDENT.

POUR little Esquimo Joe! To serve an enterprise, called into life by the great Columbian Exposition, little Esquimo Joe had been dragged from the land of icicles; had been torn from his dashing dogs and sled and dropped into a strange land amongst a strange people, and into a climate the very opposite to that of his country. His father had been promised such favorable returns if he would go to the World's Fair and exhibit the manners and customs of his people, that he yielded to the temptation; and, taking his wife and children with him, he entered the service of the "Kablunak," and Joe became a resident of the great White City.

It will never be known how much that little family suffered during the period of their slavery! They were obliged to remain in the clothing usually worn by them in Greenland—the coldest climate in the world. Imagine it!—you who have passed through the sultry days of a Chicago summer!—And all to satisfy the curiosity of a pitiless public.

The Esquimo huts were located in the southeast corner of the fair grounds, and were isolated by a high board fence, which crossed a small lake—a mere pond which formed a part of the sloughs originally covering the site of the World's

Fair grounds. It was deep in places and the bottom was covered with vegetation and slender weeds and water vines, which swayed to and fro upward in the pool. Through the fence which crossed the pool there were two arched entrances through which the Esquimos were obliged to paddle with their peculiar little boats or Kayaks. They would shoot out of one entrance, paddle in front of the curious visitors, then dart back through the other arch into the village. This was done as an advertisement or bait to the public, and was one of the duties of Joe's father while he lived in the village. The boy often relieved his father, and would jump into the odd little kayak and fairly sweep through the arches, and had never yet touched either end of his double paddle to the sides of the entrance—a record no other Esquimo could boast of.

Joe was also an expert with his long, snake-like whip, with which he often amused the public by scooping nickels out of a hole in the ground twenty-five feet away. And every nickel found its way into his father's treasure box. He was constantly on the move—learning something, earning something, or relieving his father in the strange labors thrust upon him. Sometimes he would sit down, and a peculiar longing look would come into those dark, rolling eyes, and the stubby couple in the doorway of the hut

always knew that he was thinking of his pet dogs and sled.

The summer had waned and the end of that slavery service was near. The gates of the White City had barely opened when little Joe, with unusual buoyancy of spirit, leaped into a boat to relieve his father, and was spinning around the boat course to lure the public into the village. After making several rounds he espied what seemed to him to be a strange animal moving restlessly in the water's depths. It fascinated him because he could not quite distinguish it. Round the course he sped, always coming to this spot, and always finding that object moving to and fro in the deepest part of the pool. At last he resolved to fathom the mystery. He leaned far out into the water and made a grab for the mysterious thing that had chained him. The boat lurched, threw him into the water, and in spite of all his efforts, the heavy Esquimo clothes bore him down into the depths. He tried to rise to the surface, for he was a good swimmer, but a monster seemed to have seized him: he struggled desperately, but long slimy fingers seemed to clutch his bushy floating hair and hold it in a vice-like grip. He then imagined he was in the power of the terrible Tanya—the invisible spirit of the waters. Soon poor Joe's fingers relaxed and his mind lost the horror of the struggle. He seemed to be wafted away to the north and a familiar ringing was heard in his ears and the air seemed suddenly colder. Could he be going home? Yes, it was true; for now the *noises* seemed the bark of his dogs and the *ringing* the chime of the sledge bells, and Joe passed to his eternal home.

* * * * *

Searches were made for the boy but all in vain. The father, stunned and speechless, stood beside that little lake with his eyes fixed upon the water seeming to know

the fate of his boy. Fearfully he began diving, and after a long and weary search found him with his hair tangled in the long weeds, the waving tops of which had beckoned him to eternity.

Poor Esquimo Joe!



WHAT HAVE YOU DONE?

You are going to do great things, you say—
But what have you done?

You are going to win in a splendid way,
As others have won:

You have plans that when they are put in force
Will make you sublime;

You have mapped out a glorious upward course—
But why don't you climb?

You're not quite ready to start, you say:
If you hope to win,

The time to be starting is now—to-day—
Don't dally—begin!

No man has ever been ready as yet,
Nor ever will be;

You may fall ere you reach where your hopes
are set—

But try it and see.

You are going to do great things, you say,
You have splendid plans:

Your dreams are of heights that are far away;
They're a hopeful man's—

But the world, when it judges the case for you,
At the end, my son,

Will think not of what you were going to do,
But of what you've done.

Selected.



THE LETTER BOX.

An address wanted. Will the little girl who, last winter, sent a short story to the Letter-Box, entitled "The Fairy's Gift," please send her address to the Letter-Box again?

And oblige,

THE EDITOR.



How many of our little friends who enjoy the Letter-Box have thought of writing something special for Thanksgiving-

ing Day? Those who write for that day should spend much time in thinking over the matter, and take great pains to have their letters or stories just as good and interesting and well written as possible. And they should send their Thanksgiving letters as early as the first of September. There may not be space for all the letters that will be written about Thanksgiving Day, but every child that writes will be benefitted by the careful study and painstaking to be given to the subject.

Wanted to Write, but Waited.

RANSOUR, UTAH.

I am a little girl seven years old. I have been wanting to write to the Letter-Box for a long time, but mama said I must wait till I could write well. I like to go to school. My two sisters have been going to school in Logan. They are home with us now. My papa is working on a West Cache canal. I have a baby brother, his name is Rufus Taft Merrill.

Your little friend,

FLORENCE MERRILL.

Knows God Hears and Answers Prayers.

SODA SPRINGS, IDAHO.

My brother Alma and my two sisters, Ethel and Eleda, and myself go to Sunday School and Primary. We have very good teachers. I am eight years old. I have been baptized and know God hears and answers prayers, for He has answered mine.

VIOLET S. HOPKINS.

Kind Parents and Teachers.

REXBURG, IDAHO.

Our school closed for vacation May 6, 1904, and the academy closed on May 13. My papa and mama are very kind to me

and all of us. I have five brothers and two sisters. We go to Sunday School and Primary. Mama is my Primary teacher and my Sunday School teacher is Charles. I am ten years old.

BRADLEY HINCKLEY PAUL.

Living on Uncle's Place.

HINCKLEY, UTAH.

My two sisters and my brother and I all love to go to Sunday School, but we have had whooping cough and have not been for a long time. My uncle and aunt are on a mission in New Zealand, and we live on their place. I shall be eight years old soon, and papa says I can be baptized.

LAVERNA WRIGHT.

Has Time to Write Because it Rains.

TOOELE CITY, UTAH.

I have often thought I would write to the Letter-Box, and today I can because it is raining and hindering me from work. We have had more rain and a better water supply this spring than for about six years. We are a family of eleven children, two of the boys, four years old, being twins. We all belong to the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. My mother was born and raised in this city. My father came from the island of Jersey when he was eight years old, and can yet remember the ocean voyage and the crossing of the plains with ox teams.

EDMUND S. HARMAN.

Two Letters from Kelsey, Texas.

There are about fifty families of Latter-day Saints here in Kelsey. We have a large Sunday School and all seem to enjoy it. My mother has been a member of the Church seven or eight years. My father and eldest brother are dead. I am

ten years old and have been a member of the Church two years. With best wishes to the JUVENILE.

Your little friend,
VICTORIA AARON.

My papa keeps the postoffice, and has a store, a blacksmith shop and a picture gallery. He owns two lots. We go to Sunday School every Sunday here at Kelsey. I am eleven years old.

MARY ESTELLA COX.

Two Letters from Central, Arizona.

I am ten years old. I have four sisters living and a brother and a sister dead. I had typhoid fever, and the Elders administered to me and I got well. I go to Sunday School every Sunday.

CORA PORTER.

I am a little Southern girl. My papa emigrated from southern Alabama five years ago. He went on a mission to Florida before coming west. I am a girl ten years old with a boy's name. Our stake president says our Sunday School has almost reached perfection, he thinks it is about the best in the St. Joseph Stake of Zion.

ALVA NOTES.

A Mission and a Death.

WEST JORDAN, UTAH.

Dear little brothers and sisters: I like your letters in the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR. Like you, I go to Sunday School, Primary and Religion Class, and like to attend them. We have very good teachers. I am eleven years old. My father has been on a mission to New Zealand. He was gone two years and nine months. My oldest brother died four weeks after my father came home from his mission. He

was sixteen years old. This is my first letter.

CHARLES S. DIMOND.

Mama Has Been Ill.

WOODRUFF, IDAHO.

There are five sisters and one brother of us. We go to Sunday School, our papa is the superintendent. Our mama has been very sick, but she is well now, for which we thank our Heavenly Father. We want to grow to be good and useful in the Kingdom of God.

WILLIAM A. BELL, eight years old,
ELISABETH J. BELL, six years old.

School Vacation

ELSINORE, UTAH.

We had a good time the last day of our school, which has closed for the summer. My brother and sister and myself go to Sunday School. We have a good superintendent and good teachers. We have also a good Primary, but I will not tell about it now. I am ten years old.

DANIEL ANDERSON.

Little Brother Hurt.

WOODRUFF.

I have a little brother, he is smart as he can be; he went to help haul hay and got his hand hurt awfully.

MYRTLE WELLS.

Visited Salt Lake and Provo.

LOGAN UTAH.

Last summer we went to Salt Lake and had a very good time. We stayed there a while and then went to Provo. There we visited some friends who live about six miles north of the town, and who have not the privilege of going to Sunday School. This made me thankful for the

blessings I enjoy in having a good home, kind parents and a good Sunday School to go to. In Salt Lake we saw little boys on the streets selling newspapers. We were told that they had no homes nor parents, and had to creep in corners to sleep. I felt very sorry for them.

AGNES MACHIN, age thirteen years.

NOTE.—The story of the little news boys, as told to Agnes, must have been considerably over-drawn. In older cities of the world, and perhaps in some newer ones, children are often left thus destitute. But with the diligent watch-care and generous assistance of our Relief Societies, and other sources, which are always ready to search out and relieve the wants of the poor, when they are discovered, it is hardly reasonable to think that children in our midst are left homeless, or greatly in need of succor. Some of the boys, at least, who sell papers in Salt Lake City, have good homes and kind parents, and go to Sunday School. Others may be less fortunate, but can hardly be homeless and friendless.—[Ed.]

Concert for Missionary.

OGDEN, UTAH.

Our Bishop's first counselor is going to leave for a mission to Norway tomorrow. There is a concert in the meeting-house for him this evening, and my mama and oldest sister have gone to it. I am eight years old. I enjoy Sunday School, Primary and the stories and letters in the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR.

MYRTLE FARR.

A Smart Cat.

LAKETOWN, UTAH.

I have a pet cat. When she wants to come in the house she springs up, puts

her paw on the latch and opens the door. I am eight years old. I like to read the "Little Folks'" page in the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR. My papa leads the singing in our Sunday School.

VIOLA M. IRWIN.

Faith in Administration.

PROVO, UTAH.

I am a little Mormon girl ten years old. I have been sick four months, but papa has taken to administering to me every night, and I am almost well. I know it is by the power of the Lord that I am getting well.

BLANCHE FERREN.

Living in the Country.

PLEASANT GROVE, UTAH.

I like to read the JUVENILE, and I think all the boys and girls do. I live in the country and we have lots of work to do in the fall gathering the fruit and vegetables. I have a brother on a mission in Minnesota, near the Mississippi River.

HELINDA NELSON.

Hurt by Falling from a Horse.

MESA CITY, MARICOPA CO., ARIZONA.

My cousin fell from a horse and had his skull cracked. His father was on a mission in the Southwestern States, but they sent a telegram for him to come home. Through the help of a good doctor and the faith of the Elders and others, the boy was healed. We live three miles from town on a ranch, but we always go to Sunday School. I am seven years old.

RACHEL BRIMHALL.

Grandpa's Birthday.

PROVO, UTAH.

On the 5th of June my grandpa Moore was seventy-seven years old. His chil-

dren made a party for him, and we sang songs and recited pieces, and had a good dinner and a real nice time. Grandpa was real smart and happy, and he thanked us and blest us all. He has had several wives and a large number of children and grandchildren. I am eleven years old. My little sister Jennie, nine years old, recited a piece she had learned, and grandpa liked it and so did all the others. I will copy it for the Letter-Box.

SUSIE MOORE.

"GRANDPA'S SPECTACLES,"

Grandpa's spectacles cannot be found;
He has searched all the rooms, high and low,
'round and round;
Now he calls to the young ones, and what does
he say?
Ten cents for the child who will find them today.

Then Henry and Ellen and Edward all ran,
And a most thorough hunt for the glasses began;

And dear little Nellie, in her generous way,
Said, "I'll look for them, grandpa, without any
pay."

All through the big Bible she searches with
care,

(That lies on the table by grandpapa's chair;
They feel in his pockets, they feel in his hat,
They pull out the sofa, and shake out the mat.

Then down on all fours, like two good natured
bears,

Go Harry and Ned, under tables and chairs:
Till, quite out of breath, Ned is heard to de-
clare,

He believes that "those glasses are *not* any-
where."

But Nellie, who, leaning on grandpapa's knee,
Was thinking most earnestly where they could
be,

Looked suddenly up in the kind, faded eyes,
And her own shining brown ones grew big with
surprise.

She clapped both her hands, all her dimples
came out,

She turned to the boys with a bright, roguish
shout

"You may leave off your looking, both Harry
and Ned;

For there are the glasses, on grandpapa's
head."

SAFE ON THE CINDER PATH.

There are parts of Kentucky where some of the mountaineers have never seen a locomotive. One of these mountaineers who drifted into civilization encountered a railroad-train, and took to flight down the track.

The engineer stopped the train and captured what he supposed was a crazy man. Finding him sane, though breathless, the engineer in anger asked him why he did not get off the track.

"Get off the track!" roared the mountaineer. "If I'd ever took to plowed land the thing would have caught me for sure."



GREAT MEN'S ADVICE TO BOYS.

A youthful and ingenious autograph collector of Philadelphia, wrote last year to all the great men he could think of, saying he was a boy of fifteen, and asking how he might best win success in life. All the great men did not answer him, but a dozen did, and among this dozen was the late Sir Henry Stanley:

"Whatever work you undertake to do, put your will and heart into it, and try to excel others in it. If you make this as a law to yourself, every employer becomes your friend, you become esteemed by all and according to your excellence fortune will endow you."

Rider Haggard wrote:

"Be honest in heart as well as in outward seeming. Never take advantage by the doing of a mean or unkind thing, and read the parable of the Ten Talents once a week."

Briton Riviere, the noted painter, wrote:

"There is no success as valuable as the failure which leads to greater effort. There is no failure so complete as the success which paralyzes earnest work."



M. J. MITCHELL

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